

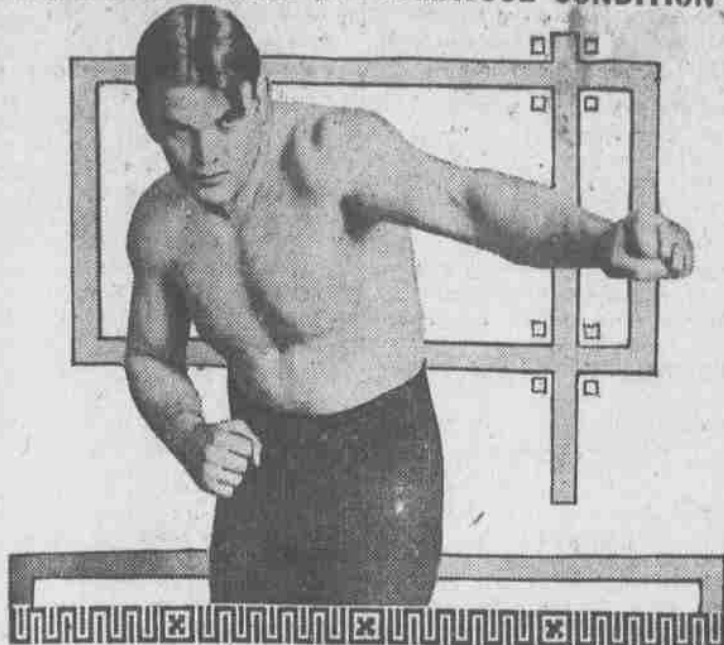
# The Southern Herald

VOL. XLIX.

LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY MARCH 26, 1915.

NO. 50.

## WRESTLING GAME IN COMATOSE CONDITION



Champion Frank Gotch.

The once-popular but sadly mistreated sport of wrestling was in a comatose condition during 1914.

While the faking management of the game was largely responsible for its recent downfall, after a strong revival, the European wars, both Balkan and all-European, had a lot to do with its demise.

Of recent years, nearly all the excitement that could be scared up was created through the importation of terrible Turks, horrible Greeks and pests of various other nations.

These large, uncouth apparitions were taken round the country, on carefully arranged tours, "meetings" and "defeating" a flock of home-grown wrestlers, who were sent a jump ahead of the European "champions," and who met them again and again—always the same inner circle, of course, with no rash outsiders or really ambitious youngsters permitted to cut in.

Frank Gotch, who used to come out of his cage and leisurely flop the hor-

rible Bulturkians, after they had been sufficiently advertised, grew tired of it, and hasn't emerged for quite a while. And then—the war finished up.

The terrible matmen of Europe, of course, are large, husky—far bigger and stronger than the average. They had no chance to escape the eagle eye of the recruiting officers.

Give them credit for a match that wasn't "framed"—those who had to return to the colors, as a rule went back gallantly, and tackled an opponent who wouldn't "lay," wouldn't stall, and wouldn't even stand for a draw.

Those who didn't feel like returning to the flag were mostly induced to do so, anyhow, and right now there are very few European wrestlers at liberty to wrestle anybody but the gent in the other uniforms. Many of them have fallen in battle, and by the time they can cross over here again the survivors will probably find that the whole wrestling game has been for gotten.

## CHAMPION PUGILISTS TODAY

Boxer Is Somewhat Different From His Beetle-Browed Predecessor—Must Possess Brains.

"The boxer of today," writes Freddie Welsh in Strand, "is not the beetle-browed and scarred veteran of the past. He must, if he hopes to approach championship class, be a man, possessed of brains, a man with a capacity for thinking all the while a contest is in progress. He must be cool and level headed. Once he loses the command of his temper all is lost. He becomes wild and erratic, he loses touch with the finer points of the sport altogether, he becomes just a target for the gloves of his opponent. They tap him from all quarters with irritating frequency, the points are scored up against him at a lightning rate, and, although he may be strong and well at the end of the final round, he is the loser."

"Take any of the modern champions, and what do we find? Just that they have come out of their contests practically unmarked. Speaking for myself, during my career in the ring I have taken part in 113 contests. My photograph speaks for itself. Do I look a battered veteran?"



Freddie Welsh, Champion Light weight.

I know I would not win any prize beauty championship, but I am just driving home a point that a man need not carry the marks of the fray about with him. In nearly ten years of boxing with 113 opponents and 1,000 sparring partners, I have never yet had a black eye."

### No Echoes for Heinie.

Christy Mathewson declares that Heinie Zimmerman is a mighty hard man to beat on a golf course.

"I was playing with Heinie one day," said the pitcher of the Giants, "when he sliced his ball into an abandoned quarry. He went down into the pit and was gone for some time. After he came up I asked, 'How many did you play, Heinie?'"

"Three," he answered.  
"Hold on there," I interrupted. "I distinctly heard six strokes."  
"Oh," Heinie answered, "the other three were echoes."

### New Athletic Event.

A new athletic event has been devised on the Pacific coast, where the students of Occidental college include in the interclass meet program a modified broad-high jump. Its value for general purposes is that it has the tendency to make the broad jumper go up in the air and improve their style for regular broad jumping. In the competition three freshmen and two juniors cleared four feet two inches. The conditions called for the competitors leaving the ground ten feet away from the high jump standards.

### Keep Four-Mile Crew Race.

Definite decision that the varsity event in the intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson should remain at four miles was reached by the board of stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing association at the annual meeting. The date for this year's regatta was fixed as Monday, June 28.

Umpire Geisel Released.  
President Halbroner of the Central league has released Umpire Geisel.

## RUE JEANNE D'ARC! AH, HOW ABOUT IT?

Tragedy in French Town as Overheard in Cafe of the Golden Lion.

### SCENE AT APERITIF HOUR

Mme. la Patronne Tells How the Uhlans, in Cordly Fashion, Paid for the Drinks She Served Them.

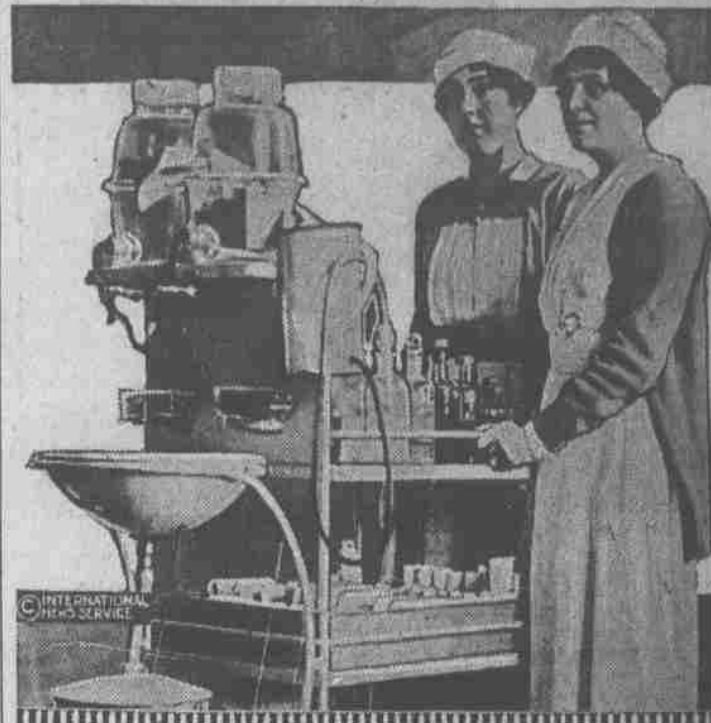
Paris.—We were sitting in a cafe at the aperitif hour—an hour that survives the war. We were in a city of good size in northern France, famous for both cathedral and cheese. It was then a principal haven for refugees and an evacuation center for wounded. The Germans had been there, as the patronne of the Cafe du Lion d'Or narrated constantly, but now the battle lines were some distance away. If the wind happened from the right direction, when the noise of the city was silenced by military order at nightfall, the haunting boom—boom of heavy artillery could be heard faintly. No one who has heard that sound ever forgot it. Dynamite blasting sounds just about the same, but in the sound of artillery, when one knows that it is artillery, there seems so much the knell of doom.

The cafe was crowded. The fat face of the patronne was wreathed in smiles. Anyone is mistaken who imagines that all northern France is lost from human view in a dense rolling cloud of smoke. At any rate, in the Cafe du Lion d'Or one looked upon life unchanged. True, there were some new customers in the place of old ones. There were a half dozen soldiers in khaki, and we of the American ambulance column, dressed in the same cloth. In a corner sat a young lieutenant in the gorgeous blue of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, drinking vermouth with a grizzled captain of artillery. Other French uniforms dotted the place. The "honest bourgeois" were all there—the chief supports of the establishment in peace or war. They missed the evening aperitif during the twelve days of German occupation, but now all were in their accustomed places. For the places of old-timers are sacred at the Lion d'Or.

Took Husband's Place.  
Mme. la Patronne acted in place of her husband, who was now safely serving in the cooking department of the army, some kilometers from the firing line. Madame sat contentedly at the caisse superintending the activities of two youthful, inexperienced garcons. The old waiters, Jean and Andre, vanished into the "zone of military activity" on the first day of the war. After several post cards Jean had not been heard from. Andre was killed at the battle of the Marne.

We had heard the garrulous tale of the German occupation many times. It was thrillingly revealed both at the Restaurant du Commerce and the Hotel du Soleil. At the Lion d'Or it was madame's absorbing theme when not haranguing the new waiters—or counting change. Madame remained throughout the trouble. "But yes, to be sure." She was not the woman to flee and leave the Lion d'Or to the invaders. Her ample form was firmly ensconced behind the caisse when the first of the uhlans entered. There were officers, and—wonder of wonders—they spoke French. The new waiters were hiding in the cellar, so madame clambered from her chair with dignity and placed glasses and drink before them. And then—would wonders never cease?—these Germans had actually paid—even overpaid, ma foi—for one of them flung a

## IN THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL



Miss Vera Arkwright, granddaughter of the duke of Cambridge, at left, and Mrs. Whitney of New York working in the American hospital in Paris.

golden half louis on the counter and stalked from the place, refusing change.

Of course at the Hotel de Ville the invaders behaved differently. There the mayor was called upon for one million francs—war indemnity. But that was a matter for the city's concern and not the individual. Madame still had that golden half louis and would show it if we cared to see. Gold was scarce and exceedingly precious. The sight of it was good.

### Unanimity of the War.

Now the Germans were gone—forced out, grace a Dieu, so the good citizens no longer lived in the cellars. They were, again in their places at the Lion d'Or, sipping vermouth and offering gratitude to the military regime that had the decency to allow cafes open until eight o'clock. Outside the night was cold and a fine drizzle beat against the windows. Several newcomers shivered and remarked that it must be terrible in the trenches. But the electric lights, the clinking glasses on the marble tables, the rattling coins soon brought them into the general line of speculation on how long it would take to drive the Germans from France.

For a hundred years the cafes have been the forum of France. The Lion d'Or had for that entire period been the scene of fierce verbal encounters between members of more political and religious faiths than exist in any other nation of the world. Every Frenchman no matter how humble in position or purse has decided opinions about something. But now the voices in the Lion d'Or arose only in appellations concerning les Boches. There was unanimity of opinion on the absorbing subject of the war.

The members of the American ambulance column sat at a table near the door. Our khaki always brought looks of friendly interest. Almost everyone thought us to be English, and those who learned the truth were always distinctly pleased. We finished the aperitif and consulted about dinner. We were off duty—we might either return for the army mess or buy our own meal at the restaurant. We paid the garcon and decided upon the restaurant—a few doors away. Several of the men were struggling into their rubber coats. I told them that I would follow shortly. I had just caught a sentence that thrilled me. It held a note of mystery—or tragedy. It brought life out of the commonplace normality of the aperitif hour at the Lion d'Or.

Where's the Tragedy Comes.  
The speakers were two Frenchmen of middle age—fat and bearded. They

were dressed in ordinary black, but wore it with ceremonial rather than conventional manner. The atmosphere of the city did not seem upon them. They might rather be the butcher and the grocer of a small town. One of the pair had sat alone for some time before the second arrived. I had noticed him. He seemed to have no acquaintances in the place—which was unusual. He drank two cognacs in rapid succession—which was still more unusual. One drink always satisfies a Frenchman at the aperitif hour—and it is very seldom cognac.

When the second man entered the other started from his seat and held out both hands eagerly. "So you got out safe?" were the words I heard, but our crowd was hurrying toward the door, and I lost the actual greeting. I ordered another vermouth and waited.

The two men were seated opposite each other. The first man nervously motioned to the waiter and the newcomer gave his order. It was plain that they were both excited, but the table adjoining was unoccupied, so they caused no attention. The noisy waiter, slapping bottles on the table, drowned out the next few sentences. Then I heard the second man: "So I got out first, but you managed to get here yesterday—a day in advance." The other replied: "I was lucky enough to get a horse. They were shelling the market place when I left." The second man gulped his drink and plucked nervously at the waiter's sleeve. "My wife is at the market," he almost mumbled the words. "I must tell her—you said the market place. But how about the Rue Jeanne d'Arc?—her sister lived there. She remained."

"How about the Rue Jeanne d'Arc?" the other repeated. He clucked his tongue sympathetically. "That was all destroyed in the morning."

The second man drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped the sweat from his forehead. Then he paid the waiter.

### Boxing Bout at Front.

Paris.—With the applause punctuated by artillery fire, the Scots Guards held a boxing tournament in a barn along the battle front. Twenty-five bouts were pulled off in a ring made of biscuit boxes and tarpaulin.

### Use Copper Bullets.

Petrograd.—The war has made the price of lead so high some of the nations have been compelled to make bullets from copper, particularly Russia.

passed all its previous endeavors by coming home with a brand new one-dollar bill in its mouth. It is said the dog picked up the money in South Walnut street, in the center of the business district. Mr. Gottlieb is now endeavoring to find the person that lost the money.

"Shep does not mean to be dishonest," said his owner, "but he thinks that everything of value he sees should belong to me."

### Protection Against Bullets.

Antwerp.—The Belgians have found that powdered glass, forming a layer between two moderately thin steel plates, is a better protection in stopping bullets than a thick plate of steel, and are using this method in armoring motor cars.

### "Going West."

London.—The British soldiers' slang for death is "going west," and London papers are trying to find out its origin, but antiquarians, philologists and literary men have been unsuccessful in explaining it.

## COSTLY MISTAKE IN NAMES

Waivers Are Asked on Grover Cleveland Alexander When His Brother Was Player Intended.

Waiver on Grover Cleveland Alexander! This caused more excitement recently than the time when Larry McLean stole second. Clubs looked at the waiver notice in amazement and then demanded to know whether Pres-



Grover Cleveland Alexander.

ident William F. Baker had suddenly gone locoed.

Here's the story: The Phils decided to waive on R. S. Alexander, a brother of the famous Grover, who was permitted to drill with the other tossers in the morning last summer. When the notice reached National league headquarters they changed the name to Grover C. Alexander, because they never had heard of his brother.

A rain of wires reached the Phils' office and President Baker had to answer every one of them and explain the mistake.

### New Name for Chifeds.

That name of "Whales" for the Chicago Federal league team will be all right if they do not qualify as minnows before the end of the coming season.

Glasgow Soccer Team Plans Visit.  
The Glasgow Celtic association football eleven of Scotland plans to make a tour of this country at the close of the present season in April.

## WHY NOT THIS?

Trotters and pacers always have their marks after their names; so why not transmit the idea to baseball? Thus:

Ty Cobb, 368, may omit the Southern training trip.

Hans Lobert, 275, is spending the winter in Cuba.

Connie Mack has sold Eddie Collins, 344, to Chicago.

Boston parts with a bundle and gets Sherwood Magee, 314.

Heine Zimmerman, 296, declares that he will get Johnny Evers, 279, the first chance that offers.

Charles Deal, 210, wanted more coin and got 23.

The Phils failed to swap Milton Stock, 263, for Heine Grob, 288.

## SPORTING WORLD

Charlie Swain, who with Seattle last year set a new world's record for home runs by making 34, surpassing Ping Bodie's old coast mark, has recently had his right leg amputated after an accident.

Jack Lellvelt, the former New York outfielder who figured in the trade for Roger Peckinpaugh, has been sold to Kansas City A. A. by the Cleveland Americans.

Heine Pletz, the old time National league favorite, who played with Kansas City last season, has signed to umpire in the Central circuit.

Umpire Billy Evans says there are not enough good players to keep up the standard of two major leagues; that there is no room for a third circuit.

Big Frank Mats, first baseman of the Indianapolis Athletic association team last season, is reported to be flirting with the Feds.

Tom Halpin offers no alibi for being beaten by Meredith in the quarter mile at the Milrose games. But why offer alibi when the guy that passed you came within one-fifth of a world's record?

Dartmouth in the east and Sewanee in the south are the latest colleges to take up soccer football.

The Omaha Gun club contemplates constructing a clubhouse to cost \$10,000.